

# KEMBO

A LITTLE GIRL OF AFRICA



Winifred E. Barnard  
and Elsie Anna Wood

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# Kembo

## A Little Girl of Africa

By WINIFRED E. BARNARD



Pictures by Elsie Anna Wood

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This is little Kembo, so brown and bonny. Her hair is dark and curly, her eyes are shiny bright. She is smiling so that you can see her teeth, as white as pearls. She is just about as big as you.

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**T**his is Kembo's little round house in Africa, a hot country far away. The sun is nearly always shining, so Kembo is out of doors all day.





**T**his is Kembo's mother. What a big basket she is carrying! What can be inside? Let us make three guesses. Bread—no! Butter and eggs—no!! Sugar and tea—no!!! Listen. Bananas—cucumbers—potatoes—and monkey nuts.



And this is Kembo's father digging in the garden. He is getting the ground ready for Mother to plant the potatoes and monkey nuts. He has piled the earth into little heaps. How many can you count?



**W**hat is Kembo doing here?  
She is running down to the lake. A big dog thinks he will go, too. Who will get there first? The big dog has four legs, and Kembo has only two. But see how fast she can run! Her legs are strong and sturdy.



Splash, splash, splash! Where are they now? They both love the water. Kembo can swim although she is only as big as you.

The sun will dry her as she runs home.





**T**his is Kembo's very own pigeon. She scatters seeds for it every day. "Coo-coo, coo-coo-coo," it sings to her. "Thank you, thank you."

The pigeon lives in the house that Kembo's big brother made. You can see it in the next picture.



One evening Kembo went to the little house and called to her pigeon. It did not peep out or sing “Coo-coo” as usual.

She called again, but there was no answer.

Again and again she called, but her pigeon was not there.



**K**embo felt sad and lonely. She remembered that she had not given her pet any seeds that morning. “My pretty pigeon has flown away because I forgot her,” thought unhappy little Kembo, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks.



Where was the pigeon? You can see! Yes, perching on the treetop away in the forest. It had been looking for food all day and felt hungry.

In the evening it flew back to see if Kembo had remembered the seeds.





**H**ere is Kembo happy once more! Her pigeon will never be hungry again. Kembo will remember the seeds.



**D**ing-dong, ding-dong. Who is this in a clean white cloth pulling the bell? It is Mantu, Kembo's big brother.

The bell is calling the big girls and boys to school. Kembo wished she could go to the missionary's school. She was not old enough, Mother told her.



**H**ere they come! All running  
so quickly when Mantu  
rings the bell.

Kembo waved to them as they  
went in at the school door.



**K**embo watched for Mantu when school was over. To-day he was very excited.

“You are to come to school just for this afternoon, Kembo,” he shouted. “All the little brothers and sisters are coming.”

Kembo was excited, too. She jumped about and hopped first on one foot and then on the other.





Here she is really going to  
school with Mantu.



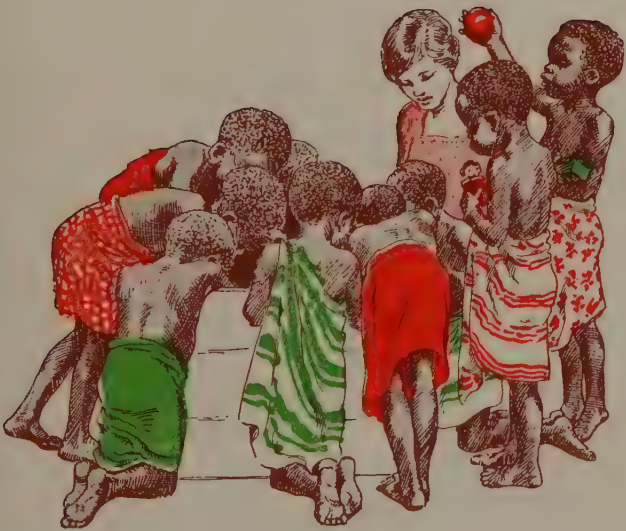
**I**n the middle of the schoolroom  
was a large wooden box.

Kembo sat very still and looked  
at it. She had never seen one like  
it before. She squeezed Mantu's  
hand very hard.



**I**t has come all the way from New York from my little niece, Joan," said the American teacher. "It is full of presents for you all. Come and help me to unpack them."

How busy all the children were!



Soon the floor was covered with toys. Kembo had never seen such beautiful things before! There was something for everybody.





**W**hen Kembo's turn came, the teacher gave her a little red box. "For me," she cried, "is it really for me?"

When she lifted the lid and peeped inside, her eyes opened wide, and a big round "oh" of surprise was all she could say.



**I**t was a lovely necklace of bright green beads.

“There!” said Mantu as he slipped it over her curly head, “you do look beautiful.”

Here is Kembo wearing the necklace, and—



—here is little Joan who threaded  
the beads.



All the children were very pleased as they ran home with their presents.

Mantu had a balloon. You can see him blowing it out ever so big!





**K**embo went to show the necklace to her pigeon.

“Isn’t it beautiful?” she said.

Her pet sang “Coo-coo,” as if to say, “I think so, too.”



**I** wish I could write a letter to Joan all by myself, like the big girls can,” Kembo told her pigeon. “But I am too little to write.”

“Coo-coo, coo-coo,” said the pigeon, “send these, send these,” and it gently flapped its wings, and pretty, soft white feathers fluttered down.

“A present for Joan!” cried Kembo, and she danced for joy.



Where can Kembo be going  
all by herself? And what do  
you think is in that little packet  
she is carrying?



She is going to the school to find the American teacher.

She smiled when Kembo spoke to her. “A present for Joan, is it? May I peep inside? Soft downy feathers,” she whispered, “just the very thing to make a pillow for Joan’s baby doll. How pleased she will be!”

Kembo felt the very happiest of little brown sisters.





Rat-tat, rat-tat.

“For me,” cried Joan, “a parcel for me!” and she began to untie it. It was full of letters of thank-yous from boys and girls in faraway Africa. Mother read them to her.

There was a letter, too, from Auntie, tied on to a little packet. Joan wondered what could be inside the packet.

Auntie’s letter told her all about Kembo.



Joan had saved the little packet till the very last. When she unwrapped it, a big round “oh” of surprise was all that she could say.

Mother peeped inside, too. “Why, just the thing to make your baby doll a pillow,” she said.

Joan helped Mother to make it that very day, and—



—here is the baby doll fast asleep  
on the pillow.









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